One More, Husband?

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by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Will's coworker/psychiatrist, Hannibal, is having car trouble along the side of the road. Luckily, Will and his husband, Duncan, are there to house him for the night when no one will come out with a forecasted blizzard.

Will and Hannibal become more intimate than they could have ever thought due to a turn of events, and Duncan is pleased with his husband's new dangerous interest.

Kinktober Day 20: Double Penetration (Two Holes) + Overstimulation + Edgeplay

Notes

Yes, both of the works in this series have DP of some form. No, it wasn't intentional. Is it kind of funny? Yeah.

Enjoy!!!

See the end of the work for more notes

“Have a good weekend, Will. Please, drive safe, the forecast isn’t looking good as of now.” He hears a feminine voice from somewhere within the lab speak to him as he strips his gloves off.

“Thanks, Bev. Will do.” Will waves a dismissive hand in her direction as he exits the lab.

Will genuinely likes Beverly, he likes it when they go out for lunch, and he likes it when she steals him out of Jack’s office for more important “profiler business”. Which is always just an excuse to get Will out from under Jack’s pressing thumb.

Everyone presses Will at the office. Some are worse than others, though. Bev’s pressing is mainly into his love life. She can tell that he’s lying when he says he’s single and uninterested in relationships. But, she often drops it when Will stops responding to her prodding questions.

The worst of the bunch has to be Jack, but following close behind is Dr. Hannibal Lecter. Will can’t say he hates Lecter, but he surely gets on his nerves.

He wants inside his head. He wants to see all the dark corners where his deadly thoughts live.

But the only person Will wants in that corner is his husband. He wants to be seen by him and him alone. He wants to be nurtured and encouraged to carry out his darkest desires, not forced to repress them by a fucking therapist.

Will opens the door that leads to the outside and braces for the cold that he knows is waiting for him. He won’t have to stay in it long. He walks to his normal pick up spot, and notices Duncan is already waiting for him, smoking with the driver side window rolled down.

His eyes light up when he spots their beaten truck. He’s so fucking happy to see it, and so fucking done with work. He’s so glad it’s Friday.

He yanks open the door to the truck and climbs into the passenger seat. If he wasn’t any wiser, he’d have climbed into Duncan’s lap right then and there.

But just being seen here with Duncan is risky enough as is. His husband is a felon through and through, and it wouldn’t be any good for someone to glance over and see them.

Duncan knows this very well, so he wastes no time pulling out of the parking lot onto the main road. If it weren’t for the blizzard approaching, Will would’ve driven himself to work and back home. But Duncan’s truck is much more suited for these conditions, and he insisted.

Will turns on the radio with a click of a button and rolls his eyes as it turns onto one of the “modern” stations. He fucking hates modern music.

He flicks his way through the stations as Duncan drives, and stops on one of the 70’s rock stations. It’s not his favorite, but it’s the best he could find that doesn’t have any annoying ads.

“What kind of music did you listen to as a teen?” Will asked then, realizing he has no clue what his husband of five years grew up listening to.

Duncan takes a moment to think, then he gruffs out, “Nothing, really. My family didn’t own any radios.”

Will nods, he knows plenty about Duncan’s childhood to know that a radio was certainly something his husband’s late family would possess. Will feels dumb for asking.

Duncan’s eyes are trained on the road as he drives, and Will reaches for his husband’s hand that rests on his thigh. His eyes furrow when he notices the scrapes and fresh scabs.

“Did this happen at the warehouse?” Will questions when he picks up his husband’s hand, petting along the new damage that rests on top of old scars.

Duncan nods in response to Will’s question, and flexes his fingers a few times before entwining their hands together.

“Guy wouldn’t pay up, so he was sent to me to deal with.” Duncan gruffs out as he turns a corner, pulling off of the main road and towards the roads that lead towards their home.

“Did you kill him?” Will doesn’t hesitate to ask.

“Yes.” Duncan glances over at his husband with his single eye, checking his reaction.

Killing is like second nature to Duncan, and Will knows it. He’s extremely skilled, and very dangerous.

“The Ripper struck again last night.” Will explained when the silence grew long. “The body wasn’t called in until afternoon.”

“That’s three, surely you’ll get a break now.”

“Well, look who pays attention!” Will smiles and pets his thumb against Duncan’s knuckles. “This one was pretty brutal. We had to use dental records to identify the body. We’ll need a pretty lengthy break to be able to work out all the clues from this one.”

Duncan’s eye narrows to a small speck of dark among the snow, just off the road, about a half mile ahead. Will sees it too.

They both glance at each other and stay silent for a moment. Then Will tells Duncan that it’s up to him if he wants to stop or not, since he’s driving.

They slow down when they approach the car, and Duncan pulls off maybe ten feet in front of the troubled black Bentley.

Neither step out of the truck, and Duncan keeps his eye glued on his side mirror as he waits. A familiar form steps out of the vehicle, and Will has to refrain from telling Duncan to just drive off.

Duncan rolls down the window when the man approaches, and Will waits for the recognition to come when Lecter glances into the cab.

“Will!” Comes Hannibal’s voice. And Will dares to say he almost sounds surprised to see him. Or maybe, it’s Duncan that he’s surprised to see.

“Dr. Lecter.” He greets, and Duncan surely knows who this stranger is now. Will often comes back from his therapy appointments annoyed and in need of a good meal, fine alcohol, and even better sex.

“What seems to be the trouble?” Duncan asks, regarding the Bentley.

Hannibal glances back at his car for only a moment before speaking, “It’s making a terrible noise. I was just about to call someone to come take a look.”

Will glances back at the Bentley and states, “I can look at it. I grew up working on boat motors.”

Hannibal unclasps his hands and speaks in a pleased tone, “Be my guest.”

Will hops out and Duncan follows suit right after. They follow Hannibal back to the Bentley and Will asks him to pop the hood and start his car.

Will inspects the engine for a moment, then tells Hannibal to rev his engine. Duncan doesn’t miss the slight wince on his husband’s face at the ugly knocking noise.

“Shit, that’s not good.” He tells Duncan.

He slams the hood shut and yells to Hannibal inside the Bentley, “Cut the engine.”

Hannibal does as he’s asked, and climbs out of his car. If he’s worried at all, his face doesn’t show it. He just looks to Will to hear the diagnosis.

“That’s rod knock.” Will explains, “It happens with boats, too. You should call a tow truck, your rod could fracture at any time.”

“Thank you, Will. I’ll give them a call now.”

Hannibal leans back into the Bentley to grab his phone and he dials a number before holding the device to his ear. Duncan moves over to stand beside Will and places a kiss to his temple.

“Quit it. Lecter works with Crawford, you know that.” Will growls in a low tone, only loud enough for Duncan to hear.

“He’ll surely have to come back home with us.” Duncan tells him, and Will glares up at him still. “There’s no trucks that will be willing to come pick it up, and the trip back into town isn’t a good decision with how the skies are looking.”

Will does inspect the sky, and Duncan is right.

And he's right about it not mattering anymore if Hannibal figures out that they're married. They only have one bed in their house that they share.

Friends usually don't share beds.

They don't even have a guest bedroom, so Hannibal will have to sleep on the leather couch. Due to their open floor plan, the couch is just feet away from their bed. Which makes Will feel like he's exposing his soft underbelly to his stubborn therapist.

Duncan rubs soothing circles into the small of his back, waiting patiently until Lecter is done with his call.

They haven't interrupted the call, because Duncan knows Will is still holding onto the hope that a company will be willing to send someone out. So that Lecter doesn't have to stay at their house all night.

When Hannibal shakes his head with disapproval at his phone, Will knows to drop his hope.

Duncan speaks up first when Hannibal flips his phone closed. "Do you have a place to stay?"

Hannibal glances between the two of them, then sighs, "If it's not too much trouble. I live about fifteen miles away from here."

"That won't do." Duncan explains, gesturing towards the sky. "The storm is upon us now. Please, let us house you until it passes."

Will doesn't make eye contact with either of them, and leaves his husband's side to claim the passenger seat of the truck.

Duncan and Hannibal follow a few minutes after, surely after they've debated other options. Hannibal wouldn't want to impose, Will is sure.

Duncan climbs into the driver's seat, and Lecter finds his way into the seat directly behind Will.

He's thankful for this, because as long as he keeps his eyes forward, there's no way they're going to make eye contact in any of the mirrors.

The few miles back to the house feel much longer than normal, and Will finds himself fidgeting with his sleeves the whole time.

Duncan doesn't touch Will, but he can tell that he's dying to soothe his husband's anxiety with physical reassurance.

When they arrive, the sound of dogs barking greets them. It's a comforting sound for Will, a familiar one.

"Are you afraid of dogs, Doctor?" Will asks, looking out as the snow starts to fall. Duncan turns the engine off once they've parked next to Will's Volvo.

“Not the nice ones, no.” Hannibal speaks, and there’s humor in his tone. He knows how much Will cares about his dogs. He once canceled an appointment because one of his dogs had gotten into some rat poison.

Duncan and Will both exit the truck at the same time, and Hannibal follows them up to the front door. “They’re going to be curious about you. Keep your hands up and they’ll leave you be once they’ve scented you.”

Hannibal nods his understanding, and stands still once the flood of dogs pours out.

“Pst, you know better than that! Get in the house.” Will waves his hand back towards the door and they all turn around, filing back into the house. They’re waiting just feet away from the door though, eager to greet their guest.

“We don’t get a lot of guests, you’ll have to excuse their behavior.” Duncan says as he steps into the house, knocking snow off of his boots.

“That’s quite alright.” Hannibal reassures, and steps into the house after Duncan. Will enters and closes the door behind him, stripping his coat first.

The dogs have started inspecting Hannibal, and he pretends not to notice their sniffing noses as he removes his shoes and his coat. Until one of the bigger dogs shoves their nose into his crotch.

Will notices immediately, having been watching Hannibal closely as his dogs interacted with him. He calls out in a stern voice. “Quit that!”

Duncan glances back at the dog who has now surrendered due to his husband’s command. He strips his coat, then takes said dog by the scruff, tugging gently as he walks through the house, towards their kennels.

“I’m so sorry about that, Doctor. That’s Shiloh, one of our newer rescues. I hope you’ll forgive her over-friendly greeting.”

“It’s no trouble.” Hannibal assures, but really, he feels a little shaken. He’s not used to animals, and he’s definitely not used to them sticking their faces into his genitals.

Will calls out a quick command, and the rest of the pack of dogs runs over to where Duncan had just locked Shiloh away in her crate.

Will moves to help his husband sort the dogs into their designated place, and Hannibal takes the time to set down his briefcase full of work documents and drawing supplies.

Duncan scoops out portions of unpackaged dog food into each dog bowl placed inside the crates. The dogs settle down quickly when each has their dinner in front of them, and Will has locked their crate door.

Duncan puts the dog food back in the fridge, and grabs out a beer for himself before turning to Hannibal, gesturing to ask if he wants one.

“No, thank you.” Hannibal declines.

Will pulls out one wine glass, and one glass tumbler from one of the cabinets. “I think he only drinks wine, Duncan.” Will teases, and moves to their wine cabinet to grab out a fresh bottle for their guest to enjoy.

He also grabs out a half drunken whiskey, obviously one he’s already been enjoying.

“Wine is just what I keep at the office, Will.” Hannibal explains. He likes many forms of booze, but beer is just not one. Especially the generic brand that this ‘Duncan’ character drinks.

“You drink wine with your patients?” Duncan asks with a huff, moving around the kitchen to grab the now full wine glass from his husband. He brings it over to Hannibal and gestures for him to sit on the couch.

“A glass or two never hurts at the end of the work day.” Hannibal swirls the wine around in the glass, sniffing it before raising it to his lips.

Will moves to sit in the armchair across from the sofa, a few fingers of whiskey in his tumbler. He looks between Lecter and Duncan and nearly laughs at how uncomfortably far apart they are on the large sofa. They’re both pressed to the exact opposite ends.

Will checks his watch once, and notices that it’s about their usual dinner time. “Is anyone hungry?” He asks, taking a sip of his drink as he waits for a response.

“Would you like me to cook? Call it thanks for housing me tonight.” Hannibal asks, also checking his watch. “I’ve been told once or twice I know how to make a dish.”

Will nearly chuckles at this. When he’s around Alana and Hannibal, it’s all they can talk about. Hannibal’s dinner parties.

Will has been invited to a number of dinners at Hannibal’s home, and has never accepted. And now Hannibal knows the reason. He has a husband that needs to be fed, too.

Duncan can’t cook for shit. Will has tried teaching him, and he’s been getting better, but most nights, it’s Will who makes supper.

“You’ve been trying for so long to get your dishes in me, I think it might be time.” Will accepts, glancing over to Duncan, who nods as well.

Hannibal stands and gets right to work. He inspects their fridge and pulls out a few ingredients, then looks in their cupboards for a few pans.

Duncan flicks the TV on after a few minutes, leaving Hannibal to cook. Will watches Hannibal move around their kitchen like he owns the place.

He has to admit, it’s kind of attractive to see another man dominate his kitchen.

He shakes his head at the thought, and moves to sit with his husband, back now to his therapist as he cooks them a nice meal.

He cuddles into Duncan's side after a little while, finding he enjoys the smells coming from the kitchen. The show on the television is nothing interesting, and neither of them are really watching.

Duncan traces his hand over Will's thigh, practically petting him. Will giggles and pulls Duncan's bruised hand into his. His husband stops with the petting, but starts nuzzling his jaw.

He places just a few kisses on Will's throat, and Will hums his appreciation. Today has been such a stressful day, and nothing gets him to relax faster than his husband's physical attentions.

Will glances back at Hannibal, and finds he's preoccupied at the stove.

So he indulges.

He places his hand on Duncan's fuzzy jaw and pulls him down for a gentle peck. The peck turns into a full press of lips, and Will nearly folds when he feels Duncan's strong hands move to entangle in his hair.

The kiss quickly evolves to include tongue, and Will is only reminded by the soft sounds of sizzling behind their backs, that he mustn't make any sound.

One of Will's hands gets brave, moving down to toy with his husband's belt. He's not trying to take it off, but he's teasing Duncan with the idea that he just might.

Duncan's tongue is practically down his throat at this point, and he wouldn't be surprised if Hannibal could smell just how turned on he is.

Hopefully the sounds of the TV are drowning out the sounds their mouths are making, and that the meat Hannibal is cooking overpowers the scent of their mixed arousal.

And Will knows that Duncan is aroused, because he can feel the evidence beneath his palm where it rests on his crotch.

"Tell me, Will. Why have you hid your relationship from me in our sessions?" Hannibal speaks, and Will had pulled back the very second that he had heard his name.

He moves his body to put space between him and his husband quickly, and looks back to where Hannibal is watching them with an analyzing gaze.

"Does Duncan know that you tell your coworkers that you're single?" Hannibal questions once Duncan has turned to look at him too.

"I do." Duncan says, his tone flat and his body language forcibly neutral. Will can tell that he's ready to pounce, so need be. It's making Duncan nervous, not being able to read Lecter's

intentions in asking such an intimate question. “We had agreed many years ago, during our engagement, that our marriage would remain a secret.”

“How curious.” Hannibal furrows his eyebrows, turning back to the meat he’s cooking on the stovetop. “Why?”

“The reason doesn’t matter, that’s just how we want it. Why are you asking?” Will nearly growls, suddenly his guard is up at Hannibal’s pressing questions. He’s protective of his husband, and Hannibal is threatening them with this.

“I do not intend to split you two up,” Hannibal starts, “and I do not intend to spread the knowledge of your love life.”

“So, what is it you want from us?” Will asks, eyebrows furrowing in confusion.

“I want to know why you kept it from me.” Lecter turned back to Will and his husband, “As your physiatrist, relationships are important knowledge to improving your mental well being.”

“Duncan and I get along just fine.” Will rolls his eyes. Why would he talk to Dr. Lecter about his husband when their relationship has been prospering since the day it formed?

Hannibal drops the subject then, and it leaves Will feeling woozy. Does Lecter think that he and Duncan have problems in their marriage?

Duncan can feel the unease pouring off of Will, and he moves to pull him to his chest. The sound of Duncan’s steady heartbeat in his ears makes his breathing slow significantly.

Many minutes pass, and Will starts to feel drowsy.

Hannibal dishes out three plates of fabulous smelling food, and the sound of them hitting the dinner table one by one, followed by the clinking of silverware, was all that they needed to know supper was ready.

Duncan rises from the sofa, waking his dreaming sweetheart with his absence. They move over to the table, and take their respective seats around the round table. The food looks outstanding.

“Will, Duncan, I want to thank you for your hospitality.” Hannibal speaks, and clunks down a fresh beer in the spot that Duncan has claimed. “And I want to apologize for pressing my nose where it didn’t belong.”

“Oh wow, an apology from Dr. Lecter?” Will teases lightly, making brief eye contact with the doctor. “Thank you, and all is forgiven.”

He speaks before even consulting his husband, but Duncan nods along with his reply of forgiveness. He twists off the cap to his new beer and holds it out to Hannibal to toast.

Will left his tumbler over where he was lounged in the armchair earlier, so he can’t participate. But he watches closely as they toast. He’s almost surprised at how much

Hannibal Lecter resembles his husband. This isn't the first time the thought has crossed his mind, either.

Will waits until they're done clinking their beverages to dig into the meal Lecter had provided. He nearly moans as the meat melts in his mouth. Maybe he'll have to start accepting Lecter's dinner invites after all.

"Holy shit, Doctor. Why didn't you pursue the culinary arts professionally after you quit being a surgeon?" Will hummed as he took another bite.

"Will, I've insisted time and time again to just call me Hannibal." He is obviously pleased with Will's reaction, but it bothers him that Will is being so unfriendly with his formalities.

"I'll start calling you Chef Lecter." Will threatens, but it's empty and in good humor.

"I didn't pursue culinary arts because the majority of people do not share my same tastes." Hannibal answers Will's previous answer, looking between the both of them.

Duncan smirks, obviously catching onto something Will is missing. Will, the darling thing he is, doesn't have the same palate or experience as Duncan.

And Duncan can identify that this is not pork, nor beef, nor poultry. But, long pig.

Human.

Duncan flashes his eyes at Hannibal, and they share a moment of dark understanding. Duncan had tasted human meat, long, long ago, but he'll never forget the flavor of it.

Will does notice the shift in the atmosphere. He doesn't even need his high levels of empathy to define it. There's something that Duncan knows that Will cannot see in Hannibal. Not yet.

Duncan seems much more friendly with Lecter after dinner, asking about his life, his interests. Will listens too, but it isn't long after supper that he notices the fog of sleep trying to claim him.

With a friendly pat to the back of Hannibal's shoulders, and a kiss to Duncan's crown, he speaks a farewell.

"Goodnight Hannibal, thank you for dinner tonight. And, Duncan, please don't stay up too late."

He waits for their wishes of a good sleep, then strips down to his boxers, and trades his button up flannel for his usual white sleep shirt.

Will is unused to sleeping alone, so even just crawling into bed alone feels strange. He does hope Duncan will join him soon, so he can actually sleep. For now, he just lays quietly and listens as their conversation goes to a number of places.

Will has to admit, he's a little jealous. When he first met Duncan, he could barely get any back and forth conversation out of him. But here these two are, enjoying various topics.

One topic that makes Will's ears perk up, is relationships. Duncan was the one to bring it up, and Hannibal humbly explains that it's been nearly a decade since he's had any kind of romantic relations.

Hannibal in turn asks if Duncan is willing to share how he and Will had met.

He does.

He explains that he was on a job, and Will was working as an officer at the time. He also provides that that's the reason that their marriage is kept secret; Duncan is a felon who has killed more people than Lecter could ever imagine, and Will is supposed to be in a position to enforce the law. He shares how their relationship was purely sexual at first, then morphed into a romantic connection when Will started inviting Duncan out for coffee or drinks whenever they were in the same town.

It shocks Will that Duncan is willing to share this information with his therapist. But he trusts his husband and his judgments.

Hannibal gave up a little about his most previous romantic relationship, and explained that it had ended as soon as they got to the bedroom. Apparently Hannibal's partner 'didn't find his body to be up to their standards'. Hannibal's exact words.

Will frowns at this. He knows Hannibal is fit, and surely there's nothing wrong with him. Will also knows that Hannibal keeps up great hygiene.

So what could it be?

Duncan does his best at comforting Hannibal in his vulnerable confession. He even reassures that there's nothing wrong with him.

Will is quite freaked out by this. His husband doesn't comfort just anybody. Something about this is wrong.

It's not ten minutes later that Duncan explains that he should be getting to bed. And warns Hannibal that his husband is most certainly awake right now. Hannibal just laughs at that, and directs his voice in Will's direction when he says, "I trust that you'll keep this between us, if I'm to keep your secret marriage between us."

Will murmurs a quick, "Fine.", but in reality, he wouldn't have anyone to tell this all too. The only person he really speaks to casually other than his husband, is Bev.

Duncan helps Hannibal set up the couch, then strips down to his boxers. Will realizes then that Hannibal only has his suit. He rises from the bed slowly, his head not quite there when he rummages through Duncan's sleepwear that he never uses.

He picks out some soft pajama pants and Duncan's least favorite sweater. It's red, which is the only reason why Duncan won't wear it.

He walks over to Hannibal, who is actively stripping down to his button up underneath his suit. He offers the soft attire to the older male, "These should fit you." He takes them with a

smile and a quick thanks.

Duncan is sitting up in bed when Will turns to join him. He's watching their interactions with a smirk on his face. It's quite a sight, his husband doesn't smirk. He wants to see it more.

So, Will turns back on his heels towards Hannibal. The older male doesn't seem to notice at first, and continues stripping his suit. He gets down to his boxers before he glances over at Will. He looks pleased to know Will was watching him, like he caught Will doing something he shouldn't have been.

Will looks over Hannibal's body once, then twice. He hums lowly, busying his hands unfolding Duncan's sleep pants he'd set aside for Hannibal before speaking, "My husband was right. There is nothing wrong with you."

He glances back at Duncan once before he stalks closer to Hannibal. Will takes a second to throw the pants down against the couch, then takes another step. The older man tenses up at the closeness in such a vulnerable state.

"You haven't seen all of me." Hannibal teases, standing his ground as Will invades his space.

Will looks over to his husband, who has his eyes glued to the sight before him. He knows that Duncan wouldn't hesitate to kill Hannibal if he was pushing any boundaries with him, so he takes his calculating, curious gaze as permission enough.

"These," Will places two gentle fingers onto one of Hannibal's chest scars. He hadn't even noticed them at first, but up close, they're barely there, but still recognizable. "are unusual, though."

Will isn't going to jump to conclusions just because Lecter has chest scars. He very well could have just had Gynecomastia in his youth, a cis man's condition that affects breast tissue.

Will traces over the long scars a few times with gentle fingers, "They're beautiful, Hannibal."

He doesn't miss the way Hannibal's chest hitches under his fingers at the phrase, and he smiles. He can see Hannibal's gaze flicker between Will and Duncan a few times, before his eyes flutter shut.

"Do not worry about my husband." Will assures, glancing back to him with a teasing smile. "He's a dangerous man.. but I've got him on a leash like an obedient puppy dog."

Hannibal nods, trusting Will's words to be true. Will flattens his palms against the older man's chest and sprawls his fingers in the chest hair he finds over his barely defined pecs.

He lets his nails bite into Hannibal's skin as his hands move slowly down the expanse in his torso. He stops when they get to the waistband of Hannibal's black boxer briefs.

"I know you like me, Hannibal." Will whispers into his ear. He's not intentionally trying to hide his words from his husband, but with his weak hearing, it's likely Duncan cannot hear him when he whispers from in front of the couch.

Hannibal nods just a few times, and his eyes flicker open to look down at the man he's been pining over for many months now.

Will plays with the hem of Hannibal's briefs with the intention to tease. It's not until he starts to hook his fingers into the band that Hannibal stops him with a restricting hold on his wrists.

"Shhhh," Will comforts in Hannibal's ear. He places a single kiss to his jaw before speaking again. "I won't do this if you don't want to. But, I know you want to."

Hannibal mutters out a "Yes" against Will's temple, but his hold on Will's wrists does not give up. His breaths have picked up, and his heart is surely pounding. Hannibal is shocked at how much the idea of sleeping with Will is affecting him. But he can't go through what he has gone through countless times in the past. Not with Will.

"Is it Duncan that's making you nervous?" Will places another reassuring kiss to his jaw.

"No. Duncan is fine." Hannibal looks up at the man, who sits patiently on the bed. He knows his interest in Duncan is shining through his eyes. "Duncan is great, Will. It's me."

"Hannibal." Will shushes, "We will not turn you away. Not now. Not because of whatever it is that is making you so anxious."

"I can't believe that." Hannibal is on the verge of tears as he pours out his heart in front of these two men. He feels so vulnerable.

"Do you trust me?" Will asks, looking into the older man's eyes before adding, "Do you trust us?"

Hannibal nearly groans at the look in Will's eyes as he speaks. He feels like his heart is going to explode out of his chest.

"Yes." Hannibal releases his hold on Will's wrists. He's shocked when that earns him a smoldering kiss on his mouth. He gasps as the kiss takes away his breath. It's everything he ever wanted, and more.

There's two strong, smart men here willing to take care of him. Hannibal doesn't have to wait long for Will to disconnect the kiss and refocus his attention onto his briefs.

He pulls them down slowly, watching as Hannibal's genitals are revealed to him. He nearly groans when he realizes he had made a shiny, slick spot on his black boxers.

The substance shines in the light as Will releases the boxers, letting them fall to the ground. His lips are quickly taken again, and this time, Will's hands are exploring the expanse of his defined ass. It feels good, it feels natural.

They only part when they hear the bed squeak, indicating movement. Will continues with his exploration of Hannibal's ass as he watches Duncan.

His husband has slid up towards the top of the bed, which Will understands what he's asking of them. He glances back to Hannibal and kisses him once more, just a small peck.

“On the bed,” he encourages with a sharp slap to one of Hannibal’s cheeks. He lets go of the well shaped ass and watches as it moves to the bed. He stands at the edge facing towards Duncan, not quite touching the fabric of the blankets on top of the mattress.

“Duncan will not touch you until you give explicit, verbal consent.” Will explains, his eyes glued to his husbands as he moves to stand behind Hannibal. Duncan nods his understanding.

He takes this opportunity to strip his boxers, and they fall to the ground around his ankles. He pulls Hannibal’s body back, allowing his erect length to press against the older man’s muscular ass and back.

“Do you want to be penetrated?” Will asks into Hannibal’s ear, no longer whispering so his husband can hear.

“Yes.” Hannibal breathes out, his body is cold against the frozen cabin air, but his internal temperature feels hotter than it’s ever been.

He feels like he could sweat. He might be, actually.

One of Will’s hands comes up to press on Hannibal’s nape, effectively folding the larger man down against the mattress. The other hand finds its way to tease between Hannibal’s legs.

He’s not quite touching his pussy, but ghosting the idea over his thighs. Will’s hands are warm, and he gives some encouragement with a soft grind of his hips. Which he has to admit, was entirely involuntary, but entirely welcome.

Will’s fingers slide through his slick with the soft movement of his hips, and he has to stifle a groan when Will lingers. It’s just a soft pressure against his hole, but it’s a promise of more.

Hannibal drops his head between his arms, and looks back towards where Will’s fingers are teasing against his manhood.

He can’t see much in the low lighting, but he can see Will’s leaking dick between his legs. It makes his own dick give a pulse in response.

Will gives a few more slow circles around his pussy before allowing one finger to slide in. Hannibal does groan at this, and his head flies up to make eye contact with Duncan.

His eyes are full of lust.

Not a typical response to watching your husband fuck another guy, but he’s not one to kink shame.

Will pushes in another finger soon after, realizing that Hannibal’s pussy could probably take his dick right now with no pain. But still, he teases Hannibal with a few wags of his fingers.

Hannibal keens when a third finger joins the other two, a moan falling from his lips as he inspects Duncan’s expression. He can’t tell if the lust in his eyes is for his husband, or for himself.

Or maybe it's for both of them.

Will's fingers are near expert with their movements, pushing against all the right spots, and he has to wonder how Will got this good at navigating pussy.

Will is practically fucking him with his fingers now, and Hannibal feels embarrassingly close. He feels like he's going to come from just Will's fingers. His hands tense against the mattress, his knuckles turning white, and a low groan leaves his lips. Then, nothing.

Hannibal lets out a few pants of pleasured frustration. He should have known that Will would be able to read him without any words. He can practically feel what he's feeling.

"Tell me, Doctor. How do you feel about edging?"

The question comes from Will's lips, and he can hear the devious smile in the words. Hannibal readjusts his hips and his posture while he thinks. Will is asking for his consent for this. He's never been edged by a partner before, only by himself when he was still experimenting with his sexuality.

"I-" Hannibal starts, but finds his throat is already coarse and raw from moaning. He clears his throat. "That's fine. I don't know how much I'll be able to take." He's honest with Will, and it earns him a hum of understanding.

Will moves from behind Hannibal and lays out on the bed, his head cradled in Duncan's lap. Up close, Hannibal can see the erection tenting Duncan's boxers. Duncan reaches into the nightstand next to him, and pulls out two condoms. He hands one to Will, who wastes no time sliding it onto his cock. And the other waits on the dresser for Hannibal's permission.

Hannibal takes the invite of Will's relaxed legs, telling him to climb on top. His slick soaks Will's shirt near his stomach where he sits, careful to not apply too much pressure to such a vulnerable spot.

Duncan leans down to give his husband a reassuring kiss, that quickly turns to teeth and tongue. Will's hand finds his own dick, and holds it steady for Hannibal, giving him another nonverbal order.

It's been a long, long time since he's done this.

He starts slow, both hands on Will's covered chest for support as he sinks down. He makes it about half way before he has to stop and take a few breaths. He sinks down the rest of the way with a final swoop.

He groans as Will does, muffled by his husband's mouth. Will tries his very best to behave himself, to keep his hips still and let Hannibal ride him.

Duncan pulls back, and Will is panting, his eyes half hooded and full of lust as he stares up at his husband. Will grabs for the bottom of his sleep shirt, and pulls it off with some resistance from where he's laying in the mattress.

Hannibal appreciates Will's naked form now, he's got a beautiful, muscular frame. His chest is slightly red with blush. He groans when Hannibal picks his hips up, then grinds back down.

Duncan smirks and looks down at his husband when he asks, "I thought you were trying to be the dominant one here."

Will just rolls his eyes and moves his hands to Hannibal's hips to encourage his movements. "I'm still in control here. When I tell him to stop, he will."

Hannibal groans at the dominant tone in Will's voice as he regards him to Duncan. Hannibal's own dick is being stimulated with how he's leaning forward as he bounces on Will's dick.

His breath hitches as the stimulation adds to his pleasure. He knows his inner walls must be squeezing around Will's cock, and he's impressed at the level of control the younger man is showing.

"Oh, Will-" he warns, his thighs shaking from the excursion of chasing his pleasure. Will's hold on his hips tighten as he grits his teeth, looking for the right time to pull out of Hannibal. To take away his orgasm.

"That's it." He encourages, watching as Hannibal bounces at an adjusted pace now, obviously trying not to blow his load but still pleasure both himself and Will. "Tell Duncan how good my cock feels inside you." Will commands as he watches Hannibal's body for any signs that he's gonna climax.

Hannibal makes eye contact with Duncan the second he is mentioned, and groans when he hears what Will is asking of him.

He takes a breath before he pants out, "It fills me up so much, I feel like it's reaching my-" he groans as Will's nails dig into his hips. "-my stomach."

Duncan gives a pleased look to Hannibal then gestures towards his navel, "May I?"

"Yes, touch me." Hannibal groans as he bounces, he feels really close. He wants to please them both, so he holds off.

Duncan's hands are a different temperature then Will's, colder and more calloused. Every part of Will feels like it's on fire, Hannibal is almost concerned that he might be running a fever.

Duncan presses on his stomach, feeling for Will inside of Hannibal as he bounces. He does find him, down near Hannibal's hips. Duncan smirks when he feels his husband within the physiatrist, and Will groans as his tip is met by the pressure of Duncan's hand.

"Duncan-" Hannibal groans, and then suddenly, his words are stolen and his orgasm is begging to burst through. Will notices immediately, and lifts Hannibal off of his dick.

The pained groan that Hannibal lets out at the loss of stimulation has both Duncan and Will blushing. What pretty sounds he makes.

“What is it, Hannibal?” Duncan asks, waiting for Hannibal’s hips to stop stuttering. His eyes slowly open again, and there’s tears in them.

“I want you inside.” Hannibal pants out, letting the few tears fall onto Will’s chest.

Will and Duncan share a glance, and when Duncan doesn’t move, Will snaps out, “You heard the man. He wants you.”

Duncan grabs the condom off of the nightstand, and eases Will’s head out of his lap. He stands and grabs the lube. Then, he asks, “Which hole do you want me?”

“Anal.” Hannibal speaks clearly now that his orgasm has retreated. Will still holds him off of his dick. But, he allows Hannibal to sink back down when he notices his husband stripping out of his underwear.

“Don’t move.” Will growls to the man on top of him. “Duncan and I will take care of you. Just stay still.”

Hannibal nods and leans down onto his elbows, presenting his asshole to the man now stationed behind him. Will kisses along his jaw as they wait, he even rolls his hips up into Hannibal’s pussy a few times, keeping him interested.

Duncan lubes his fingers generously, and pours some onto Hannibal’s hole too, just to be safe. He uses one finger to push that excess lube into Hannibal’s hole, and is slow when he pulls the finger out. He’s equally as gentle when he pushes it back in.

Will aids in this process with slow rolls of his hips, distracting Hannibal from the stretch when Duncan adds a second finger. Duncan and Will make eye contact over Hannibal’s shoulder when he’s practically laying on top of Will.

Will mouths a quick ‘Thank you.’ and an ‘I love you, Duncan.’ to his ever understanding husband. He’s just glad that Duncan is getting something out of this as well.

By the third finger, Hannibal is gasping at the three points of stimulation. His dick against Will’s stomach as he rolls his hips. The dick in his pussy, and the fingers in his ass.

“Are you ready?” Will whispers into Hannibal’s ear, barely audible over the gasps and pants leaving his mouth. Hannibal nods his head enthusiastically, feeling stretched out and not full enough. He knows that Duncan will fill his ass out nicely.

“Tell him.” Will encourages, stopping his hips so Hannibal can focus on something other than the stimulation inside him, and on his throbbing dick.

“I need your cock, Duncan.” Hannibal turns to look him in the eyes, and Will watches the spark of approval in his husband’s eyes at the request.

Duncan removes his fingers, and replaces them with the head of his cock. The stretch is uncomfortable, and Hannibal can tell that Duncan is a big fucking boy, even without ever seeing him.

He braces himself against Will's chest as the older man pushes through his tense walls. He is trying to relax his ass for Duncan, but it's hard when he can feel both cocks pushing against each other within him.

It's like they're fighting for the most space inside of his body. Duncan's body soon connects with his ass, and Hannibal is grateful that there's no more to take. He feels like he's bursting at the seams with how full he is.

Will takes his parted lips into his, devouring his mouth as the three of them wait for Hannibal's ass to adjust to the intrusion. It's a minute max before Duncan pulls out a few inches, then shoves back in.

Hannibal's forced to break the kiss as he lets out a moan at the massive dick stretching his ass. He reaches back, and nearly busts right then when he feels both the cocks inside of him. Duncan's is larger than Will's, he can tell by the sizes of their hilts.

"Grab the headboard." Duncan commands, and Hannibal does. This allows for both men to have enough room to pound into Hannibal's body.

Duncan starts first, steadying Hannibal's hips with his firm grip. He pulls out, then pushes in slowly at first, then quicker as the resistance lessens.

Will joins in once Hannibal's first moan leaves his lips. He pounds up into the body above him, focusing on keeping his hips angled to follow Hannibal's natural canal.

Will can feel Duncan's dick inside, and both of them groan when their thrusts sync and their dicks fight each other for more room within Hannibal's tight body.

Will reaches down with one of his hands and rubs firm circles over Hannibal's t-dick. Hannibal keens at this, a sharp gasp leaving his lips as his head snaps back. He's overwhelmed with the amount of things happening to his sexuality, but blissed out in the stimulation it's providing him.

Duncan groans when Will's dick nudges against his again, and his hips stutter is a momentary setback. He never knew he could be this close to his husband with another man between them.

"Shit-" Will breathes out as Hannibal squeezes around him, his inner walls contracting as his body tenses. "Just like that."

Will and Duncan are brutal with their thrusts, and Hannibal is reduced to tears and long moans as his holes are abused. Will's hand against his dick might pull him over the edge, though he's sure that the younger male already knows that.

He does feel close, and his tears are streaming down his face as the stimulation becomes overwhelming. He's curious whether the two men will tear his orgasm away from him, or force it out of him.

He figures it out when Will stops, and Duncan follows suit. Hannibal nearly growls this time, and tries rocking back onto Duncan's length, but the grip on his hips is firm and unmoving.

"I want you to beg for it." Will speaks just loud enough for Duncan to hear as he whispers to the submissive between them.

"Yes, yes." Hannibal pants out, and then quite literally yelps when Will's hand starts on his dick again. No other motion continues, though.

"Please- please, Will. Duncan." Hannibal begs, and Will hums, letting him know he's on the right track. "I need to come, please. I will make both of you come after, I promise."

Will is intrigued as to what Hannibal could mean by that. Does he want them to use his post-oragsm body for their advantage?

"Please, Will. I always keep my promises. You know that." Hannibal is definitely begging now, and both Duncan and Will find it to be like music to their ears.

Will starts up his hips again, unforgiving in his pace as he fucks up into Hannibal's sensitive pussy. Duncan follows Will's lead, and pounds into Hannibal's ass, chasing his own pleasure.

It isn't long before Hannibal's body tightens again, and his pants turn to full on moans. The stimulation is so perfect, and he knows this orgasm will be full body, and long. Hard.

He's not sure he'll have a better orgasm after this one. This might be the peak.

Hannibal's orgasm hits him suddenly, much quicker than he expected. And he guesses that in the end, they had forced out his orgasm.

He's crying and calling out praises as his body spasms. His toes are curled and his calves are cramping because of it.

And now Will gets what Hannibal meant with that promise from earlier. He'll definitely make himself and Duncan orgasm like this.

His walls of both his pussy and his ass have gotten impossibly tight, and Will can tell that it's painful for Hannibal as they continue to fuck into them. Hannibal can't hold onto the headboard anymore, so he lets go.

Hannibal is sobbing and clawing at Will's chest, overstimulated as the two cocks inside of his pound into his sensitive sexuality.

Will comes first, spilling into his condom with a long groan and a harsh bite into Hannibal's meaty shoulder.

Duncan watches as his husband's teeth break skin on the submissive man he's still pounding into. He knows he's hurting Hannibal, but he can't help but continue. He's so close.

When he comes, it's with one final thrust that buries himself deep within Hannibal's tight body. It feels like he's just fucked a virgin with how tight his poor walls are squeezing.

He pulls out as soon as he's done coming. And he watches and Hannibal collapses onto his husband. Will gasps as Hannibal's walls squeeze his spent number yet again. "D-Duncan, please."

Duncan understands the plea that escaped from the submissive's throat. He is gentle when he maneuvers Hannibal's body so Will slides out of him. He rolls Hannibal onto his back and looks into his eyes, searching for any signs of panic that he can't express in his overstimulated state.

"Shit, Hannibal." Will curses, moving so he can look over Hannibal's twitching body, but keep enough distance as to not touch him.

"Get him some water." Will looks up at his husband, and he follows the order right away. He's overstimulated Will before, and he knows how hard it was on his poor husband's body.

Hannibal comes down slowly over a few minutes, his body becoming mush where he lay. Will runs his finger through his hair gently as he feeds him water, a reassuring gesture that tells Hannibal that he knows what this is like. That he's here for him.

Duncan is sitting at the edge of the bed, ready to service any command that he's given from either of them. He's happy to see Hannibal slowing down, his eyes fluttering shut.

Will is quiet when he joins Duncan on the edge of the mattress after about ten minutes of monitoring Hannibal. "He did keep his promise." Will teases in good humor, quiet as he whispers into his husband's good ear.

Neither of them can tell if Hannibal is unconscious yet or not, but they keep their voices low just in case he is.

"Yeah." Duncan leans over to place a kiss to Will's curls. "Did you enjoy it?"

"I did." Will confesses, "And I know you did too."

Duncan shrugs his shoulders and looks back at the still form in their bed. "It was nice, but I can't help but wonder if we're messing with him."

"Why?" Will asks, genuinely curious.

"He likes you, Will." Duncan points out the obvious, "And we're married."

"He also likes you. Maybe not on the same level he feels for me," Will snuggles into Duncan's side as he speaks honestly, "But he still likes you."

Duncan is silent watching Hannibal's chest rise and fall. It's such a vulnerable thing, watching someone sleep. It's so beautiful.

"I'm sure we'll work something out." Will assures, placing a single kiss to his husband's cheek.

End Notes

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